

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XII.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1848.

NUMBER 52.

H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
TERMS OF VOLUME XII.

Village subscribers, - - - \$2.00
Mail subscribers, within the State, - - - \$1.50
If not paid within the year, - - - \$1.75
Mail subscribers out of the State, - - - \$2.00
Individuals and Companies who take at the office,
\$1.50, or \$1.75 if not paid within the year.
Those who take of Postriders, - - - \$2.00
If not paid at the end of the year, - - - \$2.25
No papers discontinued until arrearages are
paid, except at the option of the proprietor. No
contract with, or payment made to Carrier, cash,
keeping, or otherwise, allowed, except as sent to
the proprietor.
All communications must be addressed to the
editor Post Paid.

JUSTUS COBB, PRINTER,
BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOKS AND JOB PRINT-
ING WILL BE EXECUTED ON
SHORT NOTICE.

LOVE.
I have no joys but in thy smile,
Save in thy frown, no pain,
Come to my side a little while—
I'll never ask again.
To see thee, and thy looks to bless—
To hear thee, and thy words adore,
I never dreamed of more than this—
I'll dream of this no more.

If I could bid my heart be still,
Or what avail were this?
Twice never cost time own a thrill
Of anguish or of bliss;
Twice follow thee through life and death,
True guardian by thy side,
Yet never ask a single breath
Of fondness for thy guide.

Come to my side a little while—
I'll never ask again;
My heart is sick for one sweet smile—
Hearts should not plead in vain.
Ah, but thine eyes are filled with tears—
They do not turn away;
Thy hand—thy hand—the love of years
Has not been all astray.

Dublin Nation.

A LAUGH.
She had that charming laugh, which, like a song,
The song of a spring bird, waves suddenly
When we least look for it. It lingered long
Upon the ear, one of the sweet things that
Treasure unconsciously. As steels along
A stream in sunshine, stole its melody,
As musical as it was light and wild,
The buoyant spirit of some fairy child;
Yet mingled with soft sighs, that might express
The depth and truth of earnest tenderness.

A GRECIAN BURIAL. When a soul de-
parts, their lamentations are terrible—but they
sorrow for the survivors only. As for the
dead, they count him in all things a conquer-
or, so they place the laurel garland on his
brow, and in his hand, the palm of victory.
They uncover the face, that all may see what
a majesty of most serene repose is stamped
thereon, and they sing a hymn of thanksgiving
as they bear him away to his rest. I remem-
ber when they buried that bright-eyed
Greek maiden, snatched suddenly from earth,
when her young heart was light as her face
was fair, they arrayed her, so rigid and mo-
tionless, in the gay dress she had never worn
but for some great fête or gala, as though this
more than any were a day of rejoicing for her;
and thus attired, with her long hair spread out
over her still bosom, all decked with flowers,
they laid her unclothed in her grave. At her
feet they placed a small flask of wine and a
basket of corn, in accordance with an ancient
Greek superstition, which supposes that for
three days and nights the disembodied spirit
lingers mournfully round its tomb of clay,
the garment of its mortality, wherein as a pil-
grim and a stranger on the earth, it lived and
loved, it sighed and suffered. As soon as the
first symptoms of decay announce that the
curse of corruption is at work, they believe the
soul essence departs to purer realms. Be-
fore the grave was closed, whilst for the last
time the warm radiance of the sunset cast a
glow like the mockery of life over the marble
face of the poor young girl, her friends, as a
last precaution, took measures to ascertain that
she was actually dead, and not in a swoon.
The means they always take in such instances
to ascertain a fact, which elsewhere would be
ensured by a doctor's certificate, is touching in
the extreme: the person whom, whilst alive,
it was known they loved best, the mother, or
the sister, or it may be the young betrothed,
who had loved to place on her head the garland
of death, advances and calls her by name, re-
peating after it the word *ella* (come) several
times, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty:
if she is mute to this appeal, if she is dead
the voice that was dearest to her on earth,
they no longer doubt that she is dead indeed;
they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to the
heaven where they believe her to be, for the
Greeks do not hold the doctrine of purgatory,
and, having made the sign of the cross, they
depart in silence to their homes.

Dr. Caldwell, in addressing a class of
medical students at the West, said:—
"In the words of lady Macbeth—'But
screw your courage down to the starting
point, and you cannot fail. Be determined
and like the soldier going into battle,
let every one resolve to kill his man!'"

ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. Choate was en-
gaged last week in arguing before a com-
mittee of the Legislature, says the Barre
Gazette, the disputed boundary question
between this State, and Rhode Island. In
the course of his speech, he alluded to
the absurdity of relying upon the loose
and indefinite bounds of the commissioners
a century ago. "I would as soon," said he,
in nervous tones and with startling action,
"think of bounding a sovereign state on
the north by a dandelion, on the west by a
blue jay, on the south by a hive of bees in
swarming time, and on the east by three
hundred foxes with fire brands tied to
their tails!"

MISCELLANY.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

Near the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks
of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet
stands the mill which was the scene of
the following adventure:

On Sunday morning, the miller and his
family set out as usual to attend service
at the nearest church in the village of
Heesel, leaving the mill, to which the
dwelling house was attached, in charge of
his servant maid Hanchen, a bold hearted
girl, who had been some time in his ser-
vice. The youngest child, who was still
too little to go to church, remained also
under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in
preparing dinner for the family, she was
interrupted by a visit from her admirer,
Heinrich Botteler: he was an idle, graceless
fellow, and her master, who knew his
character well, had forbidden him the
house; but Hanchen could not believe all
the stories she had heard against her lover,
and was sincerely attached to him. On
this occasion she greeted him kindly,
and not only got him something to eat at
once, but found time in the midst of her
business, to sit down & have a gossip with
him, while he did justice to the fare set
before him. As he was eating he let his
knife fall, which he asked her to pick up
for him; she playfully remonstrated, tel-
ling him she feared, from all she heard, he
did little enough work, and ought at least
wait upon himself; in the end however,
she stooped down to pick up the knife,
when the treacherous villain drew a dagger
from under his coat; and caught her
by the nape of the neck, gripping her
throat firmly with his fingers to prevent
her screaming; then, with an oath, he de-
clared her to tell where her master kept
his money; threatening to kill her if she
did not comply with his command. The
surprised and terrified girl in vain attempt-
ed to parley with him; he still held her
in his choking grasp, leaving her no other
choice but to die, or to betray her master.
She saw that there was no hope of
softening him or changing his purpose, &
with a full conviction of his treachery, all
her native courage awoke in her bosom.

Affecting, however, to yield to what was
inevitable, she answered him, in a resigned
tone, that what must be, must be; only if
he carried off her master's gold, he must
take her with him too; for she could never
stay to hear their suspicions and reproaches,
entreating him at the same time,
to relax his grasp of her throat, for she
could hardly speak, much less do what he
bided her, while he held her so tight. At
length he was induced to quit his hold, on
her reminding him that he must lose no
time or the family would be returning
from church. She then led the way to
her master's bedroom, and showed him
the coffer where he kept the money.—
"Here," she said reaching to him an axe,
which lay in a corner of the room, "you
can open it with this, while I run up
stairs to put all my things together, be-
sides the money I have saved since I have
been here."

Completely deceived by her apparent
readiness to enter into his plans, he allow-
ed her to leave the room, only exhorting
her to be quick as possible, and was im-
mediately absorbed in his own operations;
first opening the box, and then disposing
of the money about his person. In the
mean while Hanchen, instead of
going up stairs to her own room, crept
slyly along several passages till she again
reached her master's chamber. It was
the work of a moment to shut and bolt
the door upon him; and this done, she
rushed out of the outer door of the mill to
give the alarm. The only being in sight
was her master's little boy, a child of five
years old; to him she called with all her
might, "Run, run to meet your father
as he comes from church; tell him we
shall all be murdered if he does not come
back." The frightened child did as she
bade him, and set off running on the road
she pointed out.

Somewhat relieved by seeing that the
child understood her, and would make her
case known, she sat down for a moment
on the stone seat before the door, and
full of conflicting emotions of grief and
thankfulness for her escape she burst into
tears.—But at this moment a shrill whistle
aroused her attention; it was from her
prisoned Heinrich, who, opening the grate
window above her head, shouted out
to some accomplice without to catch the
child that was running away so fast and to
kill the girl—Hanchen looked around in
great alarm but saw no one. The child
still continued to run with all his might,
and she hoped that it was but a false al-
arm to excite her and overcome her resolu-
tion; when just as the child reached a
hollow in the next field, (the channel of a
natural drain,) she saw a ruffian start up
from the bed of the drain, and snatching
up the child in his arms, hasten with him
towards the mill in accordance with the
directions of his accomplice. In a moment
she perceived the full extent of her
danger, and formed a plan for escaping it.

Retreating into the mill, she double
locked and bolted the door, the only ap-
parent entrance into the building, every
other means of obvious access being pre-
vented by strong iron gratings fixed up
against all the windows, and she took her
post at the upper ensemment, determined to
await patiently her master's return, and
her consequent delivery from that danger-
ous position, or her own death if indeed
inevitable—for she was fully resolved to
enter into no terms, and that nothing
should induce her to give up her master's
property into the robbers' hands. She
had hardly had time to secure herself in
her retreat, when the ruffian holding the

screaming child in his hands, and brand-
ishing a knife in one hand, came up, and
bade her open the door or he would break
it down, adding many awful oaths and
threats; to which her only answer was
that she put her trust in God.—Heinrich,
who from his window was witness of this
colloquy, now called out to cut the child's
throat before her eyes if she still persisted
in her refusal. Poor Hanchen's heart
quailed at this horrible threat, but only for
a moment. The death of the child would
be no gain to them, while her own death
was certain if she admitted the assailant,
and her master, too, would be robbed.
She had no reason either to suppose that
her compliance would save the life of the
child. It was to risk all against nothing,
and she resolved to hold out to the last,
though the villain from without renewed
his threats, saying that if she would not
open the door to him he would kill the
child, and then set fire to the mill over her
head. "I put my trust in God," was still
the poor girl's answer.

In the meanwhile, the ruffian set down
the child for a moment to look about for
combustibles to carry out his threat. In
this search he discovered a mode of enter-
ing the mill unthought of by Hanchen.
It was a large aperture in the wall com-
municating with the great wheel and the
other machinery of the mill; and it was a
point entirely unprotected, for it had
never been contemplated that any one
would seek to enter by so dangerous an
inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he
returned to tie the hands and feet of the
poor child to prevent its escape, and then
stole back to the aperture by which he in-
tended to effect an entrance. The situa-
tion of the building prevented Hanchen
seeing anything of this, but a thought had
meanwhile struck her. It was Sunday,
when the mill was never at work; if there-
fore, the sails were set in motion the whole
neighborhood would know that something
unusual was the matter, and her master
especially would hasten home to know the
meaning of anything so strange.

Being all her life accustomed to the
machinery of the mill, it was the work of
a moment to set it all in motion—a brisk
breeze, which sprang up at once, set the
sails flying. The arms of the huge cen-
tral wheel whirled round with fearful rapidity;
the great wheel slowly revolved on its axis;
the smaller gear turned, and creaked,
and groaned according as the machinery
came into action; the mill was in full
operation. It was at this moment that
the ruffian intruder had succeeded in
squeezing himself through the aperture in
the wall and getting himself safely lodged
in the interior of the great drum wheel.
His dismay, however, was indescribable
when he began to be whirled about with
its rotation and found that his efforts to
put a stop to the powerful machinery
which set it in motion, or to extricate
himself from this perilous situation were
fruitless. In his terror he uttered shrieks
and horrible imprecations. Astonished
at the noise, Hanchen went to the spot,
saw him caught like a rat in his own trap,
from which it was no part of her plan to
liberate him. She knew he would be
more frightened than hurt if he kept with
in his rotary prison without any rash at-
tempt at escape and that even if he be-
came insensible he could not fall out of it.

In the meantime the wheel went round
and round with its steady, unceasing mo-
tion; and round and round he went with
it, while sense remained, beseeching Han-
chen with entreaties, promises, and wild
impotent threats, which were all equally
disregarded, till by degrees feeling and
perception failed him, and he saw and
heard no more. He fell senseless at the
bottom of the engine, but even then his
inanimate body continued to be whirled
round as before; for Hanchen did not
dare trust appearances in such a villain,
and would not venture to suspend the
working of the mill, or stop the mill gear
and tackle from running at their fullest
speed.

At length she heard a loud knocking at
the door, and flew to open it. It was her
master and his family, accompanied by
several of his neighbors, all in the utmost
consternation and wonder at seeing the
mill-sail in full swing on Sunday, and still
more so when they had found the poor
child lying bound upon the grass, who,
however, was too terrified to give any ac-
count of what had happened. Hanchen,
in a few words, told all; and then her
spirit, which had sustained her through
scenes of terror, gave way under the
sense of safety and relief, and she fell faint-
ing in their arms, and was with much dif-
ficulty recovered. The machinery of the
mill was at once stopped, and the inani-
mate ruffian dragged from his dreadful
prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth
from the miller's chamber, and both were
in a short time sent bound under a strong
escort to Bonn, where they soon after met
the reward of their crimes.—*London Pa-*
per.

ERNESTINE DE BARENTE ROSE.—This
is one of the new French roses, and is in-
deed a beautiful little flower, very regu-
larly cupped, very double, and in shape
much resembling a fine double ranunculus.
Its size is scarcely larger than a quarter
dollar, and its color is a bright pink.
With its delicate, small, dark foliage, good
habit, perfect hardiness, and abundant
blooming qualities, it forms one of the most
desirable little floral gems we know.
[Parsons on the Rose.]

BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.—John Der-
by of Ware, Mass., advertised for a wife,
and received seventy-five applicants.
Some of the applicants pressed their claims
with such vigor, that poor John, to get out
of the scrape, placed a rope round his neck
and hung himself.

THE PREVENTION OF SCROFULA.

No. 111.

It was formerly supposed that the scrofulous
diathesis is always indicated by the possession
of certain characteristics of features, complex-
ion, form, &c. More extensive and accurate
observations have shown that these signs are
not much to be relied on. And although the
professional eye, accustomed to the study of
the observation of these peculiarities might discover
in them the evidences of scrofula, before it
appeared in any derangement of the general
health, yet this guide would be unsafe and un-
satisfactory for people in general. Disregard-
ing these things, then, whenever a child is of
scrofulous parentage, or gives evidence of a
feeble constitution, he should be managed in
the manner hereafter laid down; for even if he
be free from the scrofulous taint, his system
needs invigorating influences. I say "a child,"
it is in childhood that the constitution
of the health is for the physical part formed. It
is almost as true with the physical as with the
moral man, that "just as the twig is bent,
the tree's inclined." Later in life, though the
same management is applicable, its power will
be less.

I shall proceed to speak particularly of the
different influences already mentioned as tend-
ing to generate or to excrete scrofula; giving
in connection with each, evidence of its power,
and detailing the means of counteracting or
avoiding it.

In regard to the effect of insufficient and in-
nutritious diet, we have seen evidence of its
deleterious power in the fact already men-
tioned. In addition it is true as a general rule,
that scrofulous diseases must prevail among
those classes who from the circumstances of
life are most poorly fed. Among the lower
classes in our large towns (against whom all
unfavorable influences, indeed, combine),
scrofula is more fatal than anywhere else in
this country. The effect of the change from a
better to a worse diet is most strikingly seen
in weanings. It is rare for children before wean-
ing to suffer from scrofulous diseases, & tuber-
cles are very seldom found in the bodies of
these who die of other complaints before that
period. While for three or four years after
that period they are more common than at any
other time of life.

It is the experience of physicians that about
that time there is frequently a change in the
character of the affections of children. If, for ex-
ample, an infant at the breast has sore eyes, it
is, in ninety nine of a hundred cases, catarrhal
or purulent ophthalmia; while if the same or-
gan is diseased, subsequently to weaning, the
case is one of scrofulous ophthalmia. The
cause of this change is not difficult to discover.
The milk of the mother is the best adapted
that is possible to the system of the child. It
contains in just proportion the three nutri-
tious principles, the albuminous, the oleaginous
and the saccharine—the curd, the butter,
and the whey. The proportion of fat is larger
in human milk than in that of any other ani-
mal, and it is an important fact that the quan-
tity of the oleaginous part, or cream, increases
after the ninth month, so as to amount to one
third of the whole, indicating the design of na-
ture that this article should continue to form an
important part of the diet of children. Now
when upon this diet, in which the parts which
represent fat and lean meat preponderate
over the other ingredients, the child is almost
free from scrofulous disease, but with the
change of diet at weaning, comes every variety
of that complaint, I am persuaded that the diet
of children, especially of weakly and scrofulous
children, is much more often too weak than too
strong.

Among the rich the child gets too much
pork and soup, among the poor too many
vegetables, in proportion to the animal food.
It is a common mistake to suppose that a
light food is best adapted to the feeble diges-
tion of children. Meat is fully digestible,
for the healthy stomach, and less liable to
prove irritating by the generation of acid. It
may not make the child so fat, but it gives
more vigor to the frame and activity and tone
to all the functions. I am persuaded that
parents err greatly in forbidding, as many of
them do, the use of fat meat to their children.
The fondness which children very generally
have for it, in connection with the character of
the mother's milk, also mentioned, is an un-
questionable proof that nature calls for it.
Taken in moderate quantities it will almost
always be found to agree with the stomach and
the health. Indeed it sometimes seems pecu-
liarly fitted to give tone to the enfeebled diges-
tion of children. It is no uncommon case that
a child worn down by protracted disease of
the bowels, is first started on the road to health
by a piece of fat bacon or pork rind, the stom-
ach refusing every thing else. "Keep your
pork barrel always open," an observing far-
mer once said to me, "and your children will
grow up stout and healthy." If children are
allowed to have this kind of food regularly,
there will be little danger of a surfeit from it.
If the principal diet be, as it should be, bread
and milk, fruit and milk, &c., the additional
articles should be bread and sound animal
food, instead of vegetables, pastry, soups and
other trashy stuff. Soup is the slowest of dig-
estion of all the forms in which animal food
can be taken; pastry is little better, as any one
may know who will make a full meal of that
alone.

The same kind of diet should be used by ad-
ults who are inclined to scrofulous complaints.
If a man is constitutionally plethoric and pre-
disposed to inflammations and congestions, he
may, even with benefit, the Grahamite
regimen, but if his system be on the other end
of the scale it will kill him. Among the Hin-
doo, most of whom, from religious scruples eat
no meat, consumption is far more common
than with any other people inhabiting that
latitude, and thirteen to one more common
than among the Europeans residing there. In
Greenland, on the contrary, where the people
subsist almost entirely on animal food, and
that, for the most part, fat, scrofulous disease
is less common than it is in the milder latitude
of Europe and this Continent.

Cold and moisture have a very important
influence on the scrofulous constitution. In
England, the rarest of climates, it is more com-
mon than anywhere else in the world; on the
Continent they call it the "Englishman's dis-
ease." Everywhere it is more frequent on the
seacoast, where damp winds blow, than inland.
In the dry, warm climate of Italy, the West
Indies, Madeira, &c., it is comparatively un-
known as an indigenous disease. Exposure to
cold, especially when congenial with damp-
ness, which doubtless acts only by increasing
the efficacy of cold, is very often the immediate
exciting cause of scrofulous disease; and affec-
tions of that class are very generally aggravated
by winter weather. We should by no means
infer from this that the proper course is to
ward off scrofula, is to avoid the cool air
and keep clothing upon the body. That would
be the worst thing possible. Cold, like many
other agents, when applied after a certain

manner is a tonic; when carried farther, and
applied in a different manner, it is debilitating.
It is a tonic in the first case because it excites
the system to reaction, it is a debilitating in the
other, because it overpowers the reactive en-
ergy. It acts in both cases through the skin.
When applied too long, or at an improper
time, it suppresses for a time & debilitates per-
manently the cutaneous functions, driving the
blood upon internal organs, and impairing the
vigor of the circulation and the powers of life
generally.

On the other hand, when applied for a short
time and under proper circumstances, it invigo-
rates the system by stimulating to a healthy
reaction whereby the blood is impelled to the
surface. In this way it becomes the most val-
uable of tonics. Now to avoid altogether the
action of this agent would compel a degree of
confinement that must still further impair the
already debilitated system of a scrofulous per-
son, and such perpetual care would be neces-
sary as would render life a useless burden. The
better way is to enable the system to resist
cold—instead of warming the outside of the
body, let the internal fire be kept up, so vi-
gorous and well supplied with fuel that no com-
mon external influences shall extinguish or
impair it.—The proper course is, in addition
to other invigorating measures, to accustom
the system, under favorable circumstances, and
with proper caution, to the variations of temper-
ature, and thereby to fortify it against the vic-
issitudes of weather and circumstances.

A TRIP FROM WASHINGTON TO MOUNT VERNON.

BY E. M. HARRIS.

We had resolved to visit Mt. Vernon, and
the Tomb of the *Pater Patrie*. The day se-
lected for this excursion, was Saturday the 30th
of February, Saturday being a day in which
the business of the city is held in abeyance,
and therefore a day of less than usual interest
in Washington. Having satisfied the claims
of our appetite, with an early breakfast, we
hastened to the foot of Maryland Avenue,
where we found a steamer nearly in readiness
to convey us to Alexandria. The Potomac, at
the foot of this Avenue, is crossed to Alexan-
dria's Island, and the Virginia shore, by a free
bridge a mile in length. Stepping on board
the Phoenix, a commodious ferry boat, we soon
speeding our way south, towards Alexan-
dria and the shores of "Old Dominion." Our
course was along the eastern shore of the riv-
er, thus favoring the passengers with a deli-
cious view of the Penitentiary, the Arsenal on
Greenleaf's Point, and the Navy Yard on the
Eastern Branch, together with the surround-
ing grounds and their numerous, costly adorn-
ments. We were soon midway between
Washington and Alexandria, and from this
point the surrounding scenery, is full of singu-
lar interest and beauty. To the North, and in
full view, was Washington, containing a popu-
lation of not less than 25,000 souls. Its prin-
cipal Capitol at once the focus of the wealth, in-
tegrity, beauty, and grandeur of the nation,
and the arena in which so many of
Nature's Noblemen have "won themselves
a wreath and a name," together with the august
manion of the President, the edifices for the
accommodation of the State, Treasury, Post
Office, War, and Navy Departments, are all
seen at a single glance, as prominent objects of
interest.

Still further up the river, and presenting the
appearance of a continuous city, with num-
erous public edifices, whose massive proportions
and architectural embellishments have elicited
commendation from oriental travellers, stands
the city of Georgetown. To the left, on the
Virginia side, at a point where in the opinion
of many, the National Capital would have
been located, if its founder had not been a
Virginian by birth, stands the mansion of
Geo. W. Custis, Esq., the stepson of General
Washington. From there to Alexandria, the
Virginia shore is studded with many opulent
villas, interspersed with occasional evidences
of a degrading "peculiar institution." Before
us lies the extensive city of Alexandria, no
longer a part of the District of Columbia. This
is an old but interesting city. Its inhabitants
are all of one race. Her past opulence can-
not be forgotten, and many who speak of this
ancient city, speak of the present in compari-
son with the past. There are many living who
remember it as almost the Queen City of the
South, as the busy, bustling, beautiful, crowd-
ed, fashionable city, where were congregated
men of wealth, of leisure, and of business. The
mart of uninterrupted gaiety, and the theatre
of uninterrupted poverty, were there. But
barges, and wars, and a lagging spirit, with a
careless ease, and a sort of lethargic sleep, fell
upon the city, and gradually despoiled her of
her wealth, and what was worse, her spirit and
enterprise. As her star declined, others arose
to take the place of the fallen brightness.
Washington and Georgetown prospered at
her expense, and are still prospering with the
benefits of a trade once confined to the better
hopes of Alexandria. From this place to Mount
Vernon, a distance of eight miles, the traveller
is forced to take a land conveyance.

A carriage was soon in readiness, and we
hastened over a rolling surface of country, and
in the place, or the scenery, we were to see,
it is difficult to lay aside the feeling that
"the first in the hearts of his countrymen"
should receive a secure and fitting sepulchre.
On that pleasant spot, by himself selected, near
the summit of his own much loved Mount
Vernon.

A petition, numerously signed, is now in the
hands of a Committee of Congress, asking the
General Government to purchase a part of the
Washington Estate. It is to be hoped that the
"constitutional scruples" of those in high places,
who so far control, as to allow some of the
"surplus revenues" to be appropriated in con-
formity to the prayer of this petition. If this
plan should meet with success, the bodies,
(confined by will to Mt. Vernon,) may be re-
turned to, and properly secured in the "old tomb,"
and the mansion, together with the tomb, may
be perpetuated for centuries to come. Then
the pilgrim and the citizen, unmolested, will be
allowed to visit the shrine of Washington, and
bending over his sacred dust, will be left to re-
call to mind his exalted worth, and to emulate
his noble example.

led him to leave a retreat so dear to his heart.
Obedient, however, to the call of the people
of Virginia, he left Mount Vernon in 1774 as a
delegate to the Continental Congress, and the
following year commenced his duties as
Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Uni-
ted States. From that period, until he re-
signed his commission, "few and far between"
were the visits he paid to this spot. The con-
clusion of the war permitted him to return to
these domestic scenes, in which he delighted,
and from which no views of ambition seem to
have had the power to draw his affections.
Here his friends frequently sought him, and
spent pleasant hours in his society. The gift-
ed, the great and the good of our own and
other lands, became his guests; in this retreat,
and gathered round moral courage, to "go and
do likewise." Here in 1796, Louis Philippe,
(then *duc de Montpensier*) together with his bro-
thers, Duke de Montpensier and Count Benjoin-
ville, were for some time entertained with more
than Virginian hospitality.—But let us enter
the enclosure. A substantial brick and
mortar wall—a work "of the olden time," sur-
rounds the garden, and ornamented grounds,
attached to the house. In the rear of the man-
sion, is an open court, mostly surrounded by
buildings for domestics attached to the house-
hold. The house, which is constructed of
wood, appeared to be in a good state of preser-
vation, if we consider its great age. Its exte-
rior, however, must soon receive repairs, or it
will become unfit for a residence. Upon the
presentation of our card, and a request to pay
a visit to the rooms of chief interest, a servant
was sent to conduct us through the house. En-
tering from the piazza which faced the Potomac,
we were admitted into a large hall. This
in former times, when guests were numerous,
was occupied as a dining hall. It was plain,
but very respectable in its finish. Upon the
left wall, safely secured in a glass case, hangs
"that old key," which once commanded the av-
enue to the old French State Prison, better
known as the *fort de la Poudre*, erected in 1833 and
destroyed in 1789. Had that old key a tongue,
who would be willing to hear it discourse the
past? It was presented to Washington by
Gen. Lafayette soon after the destruction of
the Bastille.

On the right of the hall is a parlor and bed-
room. The parlor must formerly have been
considered really elegant in its embellishments.
The walls are stuccoed and ornamented over-
head, with numerous raised figures. The
mantle and jacks, composed of pure white
Italian marble, of delicate workmanship, pre-
sented to the President. On their surface is
represented in high relief, domestic animals,
plants and flowers. This work was executed
abroad, and comes from the hands of a mas-
ter. The furniture and paintings are of the old
style, but possess little interest, when directed
to their early history. From the verandah in
front, a fine view is obtained of the Potomac,
and a long stretch of the Maryland shore. The
park, before the house, is ornamented with a
variety of evergreen and other trees, many of
which were planted by the hands of General
Washington. That portion of Mt. Vernon on
which stands the house and original tomb, is
elevated about sixty feet above the surface of
the river.

Let us now visit the last resting place of the
illustrious dead. Its location is about forty rods
from the mansion, at the foot of the hill, South,
and equally distant from the first tomb.
The room consists of an elliptical vault, a
bout fourteen feet square, enclosed on three
sides with brick masonry, and having a coarse
iron picket gate, extending nearly across the
fourth or front side. It is entirely above
ground, and the visitor looks directly upon the
coffins. On the coffin to the right, he reads
the simple inscription "Washington," and on
the one to the left "Martha, the consort of
Washington." Upon the foot of the coffin,
which incloses the remains of Gen. W., we ob-
served with surprise, the advertisement of a
stone mason, who sought to immortalize his
name, by informing the public that he had
much to do in preparing for the re-entombment
of the illustrious Washington.

With the location and general appearance of
the tomb, together with the scenery in its im-
mediate vicinity, we were all disappointed and
disappointed. The simple inscription "Washington,"
and the simple inscription "Martha, the consort
of Washington." Upon the foot of the coffin,
which incloses the remains of Gen. W., we ob-
served with surprise, the advertisement of a
stone mason, who sought to immortalize his
name, by informing the public that he had
much to do in preparing for the re-entombment
of the illustrious Washington.

Let us now visit the last resting place of the
illustrious dead. Its location is about forty rods
from the mansion, at the foot of the hill, South,
and equally distant from the first tomb.
The room consists of an elliptical vault, a
bout fourteen feet square, enclosed on three
sides with brick masonry, and having a coarse
iron picket gate, extending nearly across the
fourth or front side. It is entirely above
ground, and the visitor looks directly upon the
coffins. On the coffin to the right, he reads
the simple inscription "Washington," and on
the one to the left "Martha, the consort of
Washington." Upon the foot of the coffin,
which incloses the remains of Gen. W., we ob-
served with surprise, the advertisement of a
stone mason, who sought to immortalize his
name, by informing the public that he had
much to do in preparing for the re-entombment
of the illustrious Washington.

Within a few years, it has been my fortune
to visit the graves of Generals Allen, Mont-
gomery, Hamilton and Bonaparte, and as I
was about to leave this place, I was informed
in the place, or the scenery, we were to see,
it is difficult to lay aside the feeling that
"the first in the hearts of his countrymen"
should receive a secure and fitting sepulchre.
On that pleasant spot, by himself selected, near
the summit of his own much loved Mount
Vernon.

A petition, numerously signed, is now in the
hands of a Committee of Congress, asking the
General Government to purchase a part of the
Washington Estate. It is to be hoped that the
"constitutional scruples" of those in high places,
who so far control, as to allow some of the
"surplus revenues" to be appropriated in con-
formity to the prayer of this petition. If this
plan should meet with success, the bodies,
(confined by will to Mt. Vernon,) may be re-
turned to, and properly secured in the "old tomb,"
and the mansion, together with the tomb, may
be perpetuated for centuries to come. Then
the pilgrim and the citizen, unmolested, will be
allowed to visit the shrine of Washington, and
bending over his sacred dust, will be left to re-
call to mind his exalted worth, and to emulate
his noble example.

New Haven, April, 1848.

A DUMB MAN'S JOKE. At a recent ex-
amination of the inmates of the Ohio Asylum
at Columbus, the following question was
proposed to a deaf and dumb teacher of the
institution:—
"Would it be wrong for a white man to mar-
ry a black wife?" The mute wrote—"I don't
know that it would be a sin—only wants one!"
The questioner here sloped.

Dr. Holland says, that "if persons are